THE New PANTHEON Concert.

Being a Choice Collection

Of the NEWEST SONGS,

SUNG this and the laſt SEASON

At the *Pantheon*, *Vauxhall*, *Renelaugh*, and other Places of Entertainment, *viz.*

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19. The Thruſh
20. Rondeau.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard Bow Lane, London.

The Cold Rainy Night.

IN the dead of the night, when by labour oppreſt, (of reſt ;
All mortals enjoy the kind bleſſings
Cupid knock'd at the door, I aroſe with the noiſe, (deſtroys.
Who is it, ſaid *I*, that my reſt thus
He anſwer'd ſo tender, ſo meek, and ſo mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child,
It's a cold rainy night, and I'm wet to the skin, (me in;
My way, I have loſt, and ſo pray let
I roſe with compaſſion and ſtriking a light, (in ſight,
I open'd the door when a boy appear'd
He'd wings on his ſhoulders, the rain from him dript, (was equipt,
With bow and with arrow the boy
I ſtir'd up the fire, ſet him down by my ſide, (him dry'd
And with a warm napkin th' wet from
I chaff him all o'er to keep out the cold air (off his hair.
And wrung with my hands the rain
No ſooner from wet and from cold he got eaſe, (if you pleaſe,
But taking up his bow, cry'd Mamma
If you'r pleaſe, I fain would by experiments know, (of my bow
Whether the rain has damag'd the ſtrings of my bow.
Then ſtraight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Compliant were the ſtrings, and twang went the bow.
By bow is not damag'd, and ſo true went the dart, (in the ſmart.
That you will find trouble enough

Saw you my Father?

SAW you my father,
Saw you my Mother,
Saw you my true love John
He told his only dear,
That he ſoon would be here;
But he to another is gone.
I ſaw not your father,
I ſaw not your mother,
But I ſaw your true love John;
He has met with ſome delay,
Which has cauſed him to ſtay
But he will be here anon.
Then John he up aroſe,
And to the door he goes,
And he twirl'd, he twirl'd at the
The laſſie took the hint,
And to the door ſhe went,
And ſhe let her true love in.
Fly up, fly up,
My bonny grey cock,
And crow when it is day:
Your breaſt ſhall be
Of the beaten gold,
And your wings of the ſilver grey
The Cock he proved falſe,
And untrue he was,
For he crowed an hour too ſoon
The Laſſie thought it day,
So ſhe ſent her love away,
And it prov'd but the blink of
moon.

The MACCARONI.

OF all the characters in town,
Among the beaux and wi
You'll find in prancing up and do
The courtiers or the cits.
A Mackaroni is the man,
The taſte of half the nation,
But what they are or what they me
Exceeds all explanation.
Two pound of hair they wear behi
Dependant from the head,
But as for wit, you'll often find,
Much folly in its ſtead:

BRITISH MUSEUM

ong waiſt, ſhort ſkitts, you plainly
At preſent is the faſhion, (ſee,
ut what they are; or fain would be
Exceeds all Explanation.
nall hats they wear moſt oddly cut,
For faſhion more than uſe;
nd when upon his head 'tis put,
Of ſenſe they're moſt profuſe:
hey ogle, lear, and chat away,
And throw away their money,
Vhy then perhaps my dear they'll
I am a Mackaroni. (ſay,
hould Adam view the world again,
This world would him ſurpriſe,
e'd think of Abel and of Cain,
And ſcarce believe his eyes;
ut let them go, 'tis nought to me,
I'm but a ſimple tony,
et each fantaſtick fop I ſee,
I think a Mackaroni.

PHILLIS.

WHat beauties doth my nymph diſcloſe,
Leſs fair the ſilver lillies blowe,
uch bluſhes blow not on the roſe,
As on the cheek of Phillis.
The other day upon the Green,
ſaw a nymph of lovely mein,
ran to meet my Cyphrian queen,
But found it was my Phillis.
By moſſy grotto with ivy bound,
Where fragrant woodbines curls a-
round,
And daizies dabble o'er the ground,
I ſat and mourn'd and for Phillis.
And when the lark with dewy wings
To hail the morning purling ſprings,
I riſe and tun'd her trembling ſtrings
To praiſe my deareſt Phillis.
When firſt I ſaw this lovely maid,
I gaz'd with rapture, ſad was diſmay'd
My faultring tongue was quite af. aid
To tell my tale to Phill's.
Then Cupid aim'd his ſharpeſt dart,
At once I felt the plea ing ſmart,
That very hour I loſt my heart,
But now it dwells with Phillis.

The Reflecting NYMPH.

WHat Med'cine can ſoften the
boſom's keen ſmart,
What Lethe can baniſh the pain
(ſooth the fond heart
What cure can be met with to
That's broke by a faithleſs young
ſwain. (I ſtrive
Ir hopes to forget him how vainly
The ſports of the wake and the
Green, (with a ſigh,
When Colin was dancing, I cry'd
'Twas here where firſt Damon
was ſeen. (nightingale mourns,
When to the pale moon the ſweet
In accents ſo pleaſant and clear
You ſing not ſo ſweetly I cry'd
with a groan, (here,
As when my dear Damon was
A garland of willows my temples
ſhall ſhade, (the grave,
And pluck each ye nymphs from
For there to your Loſs was poor
Laura betray'd,
And Damon pretended to love.

The Lady's Advice to fair Maidens.

COme hither all ye fair maidens
Take warning how you love a
man, (mer's morning,
For like a bright ſtar in a ſum-
When day appears then they are
gone.
They'll talk and tell a ſtory,
They'll vow and ſwear they love
you true,
But that is all to blaſt your glory,

That's all the love they have for you.
I myſelf had once a ſweetheart,
He vow'd he lov'd me as his life,
But that was all his falſe pretences
For to make me his lawful wife:
I was in his eye a precious jewel,
So tender was his love to me,
He ſwore his heart did burn like fuel
Whenever he my face did ſee.
But now alas, it is all over,
He little thinks on what is paſt,
In Cupid's chains we're link'd together,
For to remain while life doth laſt.
May heaven bleſs the happy woman
That does enjoy my jewel bright,
He has wit and beauty more than common,
On him I plac'd my whole delight.
I wiſh I was a pretty ſwallow,
I quickly into the air would fly,
And my falſe hearted love I'd follow,
When'er he talk'd I would be by.
When'er he talk'd then I would flutter,
All on his breaſt with tender wings
And ask'd him him who it was flatter'd, (things.
And told him ſo many deceiving

HAPPINESS.

HAppy hours, all hours excelling, (noiſe,
When retir'd from crowds and
Happy is that ſilent dwelling,
Fill'd with ſelf-poſſeſſing charms.
Happy is that contented creature,
Who with feweſt things is pleas'd
And conſults the voice of nature,
When of roving fancy eas'd.
Every paſſion wiſely moving,
Juſt as reaſon turns the ſcale;
Every ſtate of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail.
Happy man who thus poſſeſſes,
Life with ſome companion dear,
Joy imparted ſtill increaſes,
Griefs when told ſoon diſappear.

The Careleſs Fair One.

BEcauſe the fickle ſhepherd's gone
To win ſome other fair,
Don't think that I'll be left alone
A prey to ſpleen and care.
Whilſt here he ſtay'd my heart was glad,
No other ſwain was dear;
But ſince he cannot now be had,
He is not worth a tear.
To plaintive ſtrains I'll never go,
Nor haunt the dreary grove,
I was not born to yield to woe,
Nor die for ſlighted love.
By Strephon's falſhood thus ſet free
I am myſelf again;
Another lad ſhall do for me.
And charm away my pain.
For why ſhould memory wound my mind
And chill my future joy;
When another ſwain is fond and kind,
'Tis folly to be coy,
Young Strephon ſtrives to ſpoil my reſt,
But friendly love, ſays No;
What love whiſpers muſt be beſt
And where he bids, I'll go.
But if the next ſhould prove untrue
And wander far away;

n welcome is the face tho'new
hat ſmiles to make me gay.
o' all the ſex ſhould falſly rove
nd from their vows depart;
conſtant to Myſelf and Love,
hey ſhall not break my heart.

YLVIA's Marriage.

lvia was tender, ſoft and young
The wonder of the plain;
theme of every ſhepherd's
ſong,
nd authoreſs of his pain.
gaze on her each am'rous boy
Would waſte the live long day,
wolves his helpleſs lambs de-
d flocks unheeded ſtray. (ſtroy
Sylvia, raſh, unthinking maid
oo fondly turn'd a wife;
all her blooming beauties fade
nd loſt the ſweets of life.
n the tree the bluſhing roſe,
harms all beholding eyes;
pluck'd and torn from whence
it grows,
withers, fades, and dies.

Lady's Advice to her Lover.

ELL me no more of pointed
darts,
laming eyes and bleedinghearts
The common phraiſe of love;
oneſt to yourſelf and me,
k truly what you hear and ſee
nd then your ſuit will move.
y call me angel, why divine,
y muſt my eyes the Stars out-
an ſuch deceit prevail: (ſhine
ſhame, forbear this comon rule
low, 'tis inſult, calls me fool,
With me 'twill always fail.
ould you obtain my honeſt heart
Addreſs my nobler better part,
Pay homage to my mind;
The paſſing hour brings on decay
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a roſe behind.
Let then your open manly ſenſe,
The moral ornaments diſpence,
And to my worth be true;
So may your ſuit itſelf indear,
Not for the charms you ſay I wear
But thoſe I find in you.

Maſter TOMMY'*s Married.*

MAfter Tommy's Married,
Pray what ſays St. Paul,
If I'm not miſtake,
Marry not at all.

CHORUS.

Boys, before you marry
Mind the golden Rule,
Look before you Leap,
Or elſe you'll play the Fo
If I take a wife,
Whoſoe'er ſhe be,
Tho' ſhe proves an angel,
Still ſhe's a wife to me.
If ſhe brings me money
Will it be forgot;
If ſhe brings me nothing,
Can we boil the pot?
If ſhe be a beauty,
Then the Spaniards ſay,
She'll ever be gadding,
Very like ſhe may.
She'll have beauxs to ogle,
Or gallants to prate,
This is madam Friſking,
I am Mal de Tete,
If ſhe be a wit,
Lord have mercy then,
When her tongue is ſilent,

She'll employ her pen.
If she's weak and silly,
Why am I too blame,
If I take the folly,
I'm to take the shame.
But if in Domesticks,
Madam, is no fool;
All the night I'm lectur'd,
Every day at school.
Thus foolish Tommy's Married,
Council's all in vain,
Nature gave me freedom,
Freedom I'll maintain.
Thus sir, I've gone over,
All the Marriage state,
When I more discover,
I'll communicate.
Boys before &c.

The ANSWER.

GIRLS throughout the nation,
Listen to my song,
Ma[illegible] in every station,
Judge me if I'm wrong.

CHORUS.

So young Girls be ruled,
Take advice by me
Not like those be fooled,
That are drawn astray.
The boys they were advised,
To mind the golden rule;
To look before they leap,
Or else they'd play the Fool.
Now this is my council,
I give to all my sex,
Be careful who you prize well,
Lest he should you perplex.
Men are fickle minded,
So of them beware,
Courtship they will pretend,
To draw you in a snare.
An honest worthy tradesman,
That's the man for me;
One that loves a woman,
Hearty, bold and free.
Marry not a beau, nor
Care once for a fop,
Cast off simple Simon,
Gamester and a sot,
Beaux you know are sprightly,
Fops they are but fools,
So young girls so sprightly,
Cast off all such tools.
Drunken sottish fellows,
Poverty is their lot,
The same it is by gamesters,
Such like value not.
If it is your fortune,
Such-like for to have.
Horn them for their portion,
Serve them right I say.

JENNY.

WHEN first I saw the love[illegible] (play
maid,
Her beauties and her charms di[illegible]
Such Pow'r, that soon my he[illegible]
betray'd
Was with the love of Jenny.
I often long'd to be her swain;
To ease my smart, to cure my pa[illegible]
I sigh'd, but ev'ry sigh was vain
My bosom heav'd for Jenny.
She blushes like the morning Ro[illegible]
The Lilly's not so fair that grow[illegible]
Their virtues can't compare wi[illegible]
those
That is combin'd in Jenny.
The Tulip in her spangl'd vest,
Is not so gay so richly dress't,
In Graces not to be express't,
Is deck'd my lovely Jenny.

ith joy I view her ſmiling face,
her I my affections place,
nich time itſelf can ne'er eraze,
That firm abides for nny.
ill Hymen, then for once be kind
d eaſe the anguiſh of my mind,
granting what I long to find,
Myſelf poſſeſt with Jenny.

The Falſe NYMPH.

Courted a laſs that was handſome and gay,
ted all people that 'gainſt her did ſay
ought her as conſtant and true as the day,
ut now ſhe is gone to be married.
ent that I ſaw my love to the church go, (*made a fine ſhow,*
bride and the bridegroom they on follow'd after with my heart full of woe,
o ſee how my love ſhe was guarded
en that I ſaw my love ſet down to meat, (*could I eat,*
t myſelf down by her, but none vedher company bett r than meat,
Altho' ſhe was ty'd to another.
en that I ſaw her ſtand all in white h tears in my eyes ſhe dazzl'd my ſight, (*night,*
ll'd off my hat and wiſh'd her good Adieu to falſe lovers for ever.
me a grave both long wide and deep d ſtrow it all over with flowers ſo ſweet, (*long ſleep*
re will I lay me down and take a d thats the beſt way to forget her.

CUPID's Recruiting Serjeant.

Rom Phaphos's iſle, ſo fam'd of old I come
To raiſe recruits with merry fife and drum;
Queen of Beauty here by me invites
nymph and ſwain to taſte of ſweet delights;
the call, and ſeek the happy land,
t Captain Cupid bears the ſole command.

Ye nymphs and ye ſwains who are youthful and gay,
Attend to the call, and be bleſt while you may
Lads and laſſes hither come,
To the ſound of the drum,
I have treaſures in ſtore ſuch as never was ſeen,
Then haſte let us rove
To the Iſland of Love,
Where Cupid is Captain, and Venus is Queen.
Each nymph of ſixteen, who would be a wife,
Shall ſoon have a partner to bleſs her for life?
Then laſſes hither come,
To the ſound of the drum,
I have ſweethearts in ſtore ſuch as never was ſeen
Then haſte, &c.
Would a ſwain but be bleſt with a nymph that is kind,
Let him enter my liſt, and his wiſh he ſhall find;
I can bleſs him for life,
With a kind loving wife,
More beautiful far than was nymph ever ſeen;
Then haſte, &c.
In Paphos we know of no diſcord nor ſtrife,
Each nymph and each ſwain may be happy for life;
In tranſport of Joy,
We each moment employ,
And taſte ſuch delights as never was ſeen,
Then haſte, &c.

TEA and BRANDY.

YOU young Men all both far & near
Liſten awhile and you ſhall hear
Take care you han't drawn in a ſnare
By the girls that do love Brandy.
Wack fal, fal, &c.
Tittle Tattle now goes about,
When the firſt jorum is drunk out,
The landlord jumps nimbly about,
And brings in both hands brandy.
The table laid, the cloth is ſpread,
Says yellow Molly I'm a Maid,
Fain would I kiſs but I'm afraid
My ſpark would ſmell the Brandy.
The landlord he made this reply,
'Tis on your backs girls, you muſt lie
Pray which of you would this deny,
A diſh of Tea, or Brandy.
The girls then ſpoke with hearty voice
To have them both is our choice,
Twill make a fair maid's heart rejoice

To drink both Tea and Brandy.
If there's an alehouſe in the town,
We'll pawn our ſmocks & alſo gown,
And ten times more I will lay down,
But we'll have Tea and Brandy.
And when that we have drank our fill
Then we'll go home with free goodwill
The devil take the ſpinning wheel,
For we love Tea and Brandy.
In came ſmiling P E G,
Come play us the other Jig,
My apron's ſhort my belly's big
With drinking Tea and Brandy.
Now to conclude and make an end,
Of theſe few lines that I have pen'd,
I hope they will not want a friend
To give them Tea and Brandy.

D I D O.

EArly one Morning as I was a walking,
There did I hear of a famous fine hunting
It was between ſome Gentlemen and the Duke
of Buckingham.
So early as I was a walking,
CHORUS.
There was Dido, Spendigo, Gentry he was
there O,
Old Trowſer who ne'er looks behind him;
There was Counteſs and Rowler, Bonny Laſs,
and Jowler,
Theſe are the Dogs that will find them.
Our Fox being young, and the ſport juſt begun
Straitway he took into the harbour:
It was up the higheſt hill, and down the loweſt
dale,
Expecting his Life for his labour.
There was Dido, &c.
Johnny walks o'er the main, and trips it over
the plain,
Bold Watkins's horſe never fails him;
Thereafter ever and a day to his hounds he did ſay
Hark away! hark away! all together,
There was Dido, &c.
Our Fox being young, and our ſport was almoſt
done,
Straitway he took into the river,
Old Dido he jump'd in and after him did ſwim,
Saying now we will triumph for ever.
There was Dido, &c.

The M I L K - M A I D.

THE Lark proclaim'd return of morn,
When Dolly trip't acroſs the lawn,
Young Colin follow'd with his flail,
She went to fill her milking pail,
He log'd and beg'd ſhe'd hear him now,
She anſwer'd ſhe muſt milk her cow, m
He ſighing vow'd he lov'd her more,
Than ever youth did Nymph before;
With rapture paais'd her blooming cha
And preſt the fair one to his arms,
She bid him keep his diſtance now,
Nor hinder her to milk her cow, milk h
Fair maid, he cry'd, could you approve
An artleſs ſhepherd's honeſt love,
Yon little Farm, yon flocks are mine,
All with their maſter's heart are thine,
Then beg'd, ſhe would his flame allow,
She anſwer'd, ſhe muſt milk her cow, m
Not ſo repuls'd, the comely youth,
With kiſſes, prayers, and vows of tru
So pleas'd the nymph ſhe ſmil'd conſent,
And to the Church they inſtant went,
His flame ſhe did not diſallow,
But quite forgot to milk her cow, milk
But quite, &c.

The T H R U S H

SWEET Thruſh, that makes the
Sweeter than Flora can appear:
As Philomel attends thy lay,
She envies the return of day.
The tuneful lyre and ſwelling flute,
At thy rich warbling ſhall be mute;
Vocal minſtrel, thy ſoft lay,
Treaſures up, and ends in May.
Hark! how the Blackbird wooes hi
The ſkill'd muſicians of the grove;
On Thorn as perch'd, he nobly ſings,
A cadence for the ear of Kings.
Sublime and ſoft, gay and ſerene,
A Virginial to hail a Queen,
Natures muſic thus improves,
All the Graces and the Loves.

R O N D E A U.

ASK not if my Heart is ſteady,
If my purpoſe ought can mo
Take me, Shepherd, here I'm ready
At the welcome call of Love.
What a world of pain and trouble,
Thus to get me in the mind!
Make me not at laſt a bubble;
I can never more be kind.
If from doubt to doubt you're ranging
All you aſk'd will ſoon be loſt;
Now I will, but if you're changing,
All your hopes for life are croſs'd,